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Silver Demons



demons

birthmarks

29 0 2

Chapter 1 by XOXkitkatXOX

(I found this story while scrolling through my docs... Haven't worked on it for a long time, but here we go...)

I wake up with a start, bumping my head against the wall. I look around, and see Lucy with her feet sticking out of the blanket. God, the apartment was so small. I thought about at least getting a bigger apartment, but we just couldn't afford it.

I wanted to move the bed, but there was no more room in the tiny one bed one bath apartment... I wanted to get a better job, but no one would want to accept a convicted criminal... I wanted to at least get Lucy out of my hellhole of a life... and that didn't work the first time... I wanted to do all of these things, but you know what life's like. When it finally starts to go in the right direction, you get back with your twin sister after ten years, you get a condo and she moves in with you, and you guys start living again! Until 'it' happens...

The exact opposite of life... Death. Your everything dies, and you invest all your money into the funeral, to let your sister go off with a bang. Then, you have to move out of your three bedroom

two bath condo into a ONE bedroom ONE bath little apartment in the type of neighborhood even gang members shudder at.

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I walk over to Lucy, and grab her hand. I look at my birthmark in the exact middle of the palm of her right hand. I look at my birthmark in the same place, but on the opposite hand. It

was in the shape of a heart, which stands for life. Hers was in the shape of a heart, too, but had a zigzag line through the middle of it. It stands for death...

Hers wasn't always like that, it was exactly like mine, it was a perfect heart, until 'it' happened... The flames engulfing the condo, killing my sister and her pet cat, Apricot. After the fire, the birthmark changed. It got the zigzag line through it. We thought that maybe it's a scar from the fire, but we weren't sure. Something changed about her, besides the fact that she died, and was gonna be living in a coffin for the rest of eternity. It was just, it's complicated. She felt different, you didn't get the warm feeling anymore, instead you get the cold feeling...

Well, how should I know, she's dead, right? Wrong... Well, almost right... She died after the fire, and was buried shortly after. Shortly after that shortly after, she came a knockin' at my doorstep.

I freaked out, thought she was a zombie for three hours, then thought she was a vampire for four. I finally calmed down, after slapping the teeth outta her mouth, and she finally explained to me that she was neither a zombie, nor a vampire. But she told me she wasn't human, either. She explained to me that she was a 'Silver Demon', more on that later... Are you taking notes?

I placed the blanket that I took off of my bed onto her feet. I grabbed her birthmark again, and a wave of coldness blew across my body, then warmth... The warmth you get when you walk through a burning building. The flames engulfing you, burning your skin, screaming so hard one lung goes out one hole, and the other lung out the other hole. The cold you get when you're butt naked out in the middle of a forest on a cold winter afternoon. The animals with the fur coats and the warm trees taunting you with their staring, never blinking eyes. The simmering heat of the burning building and the icy cold winter afternoon blend together and create the perfect mixture.

Her eyes fly open, and they're completely red. Like, even the parts that are supposed to be white were red. Her eyes were doing the thing they've been doing for the past week that she's been back. Every time our birthmarks touch since the accident, we get the cold blast, then the

heat blast, and her eyes turn red, and mine turn blue... More on that later.

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